

Women Boxers Stop Sparring to Arrange Their Hair: Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

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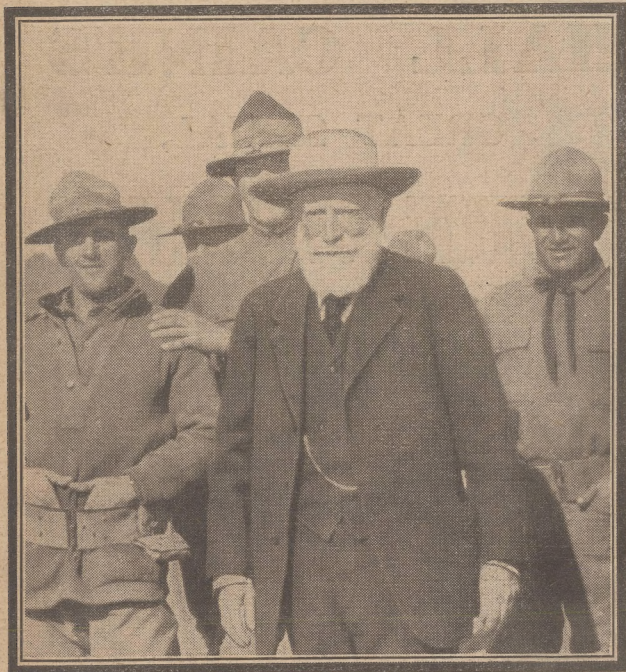
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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1914

One Halfpenny.

TO PAY £50,000 OR LOSE HIS SON.



The General arrives on American territory after his escape.



Examining the General's baggage after he had crossed the frontier.

Tragedy follows tragedy in Mexico. Yesterday General Luis Terrazas, aged eighty, was asked to pay £50,000 to the rebels, or in default his son was to be shot. "Neither life nor money is much to me," said the General, who has escaped. "My son has thirteen children who need him. I will gladly allow General Villa to kill me instead of my son."

CURLY HAIR FOR EVERY WOMAN.



The hair, in cylinders, being slowly dried by electricity.



Before. Could hair be straighter?



After, showing waves and curls.

Thanks to the discovery of a Swiss, every woman can now have curly hair. By means of his process, dull and unattractive hair will gain not only the coveted wave, but life and colour—simply because it has been made more natural hair—for the inventor claims that all hair should be curly.

Yours for the asking

By return of post comes the handsome 1914 Rudge-Whitworth Catalogue with its 40 pictured pages telling the wonderful story of Britain's Best Bicycle. Every cyclist in the Kingdom should have a copy of this beautifully produced Bicycle book.

If you are interested in Motor Cycling ask for the Catalogue of the Rudge Motor Bicycle. It contains a fund of useful information and full descriptions of the easy running Rudge Multi. Sent free with coloured plate.

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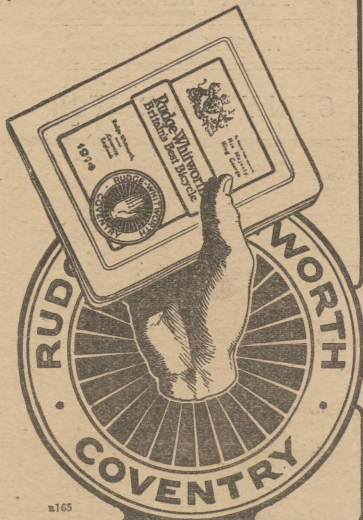
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has taken the place of the old glue pot in millions of homes throughout the world because of its convenience, cleanliness and economy.

The new metal spreader makes it so easy to apply, and the air proof cap keeps it so well that the last drop of glue is as good as the first.

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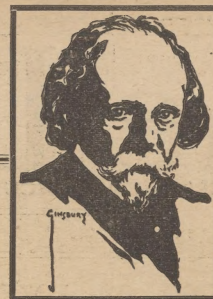
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You can discover new uses for yourself for Le Page's Glue every day. Try it to-day. You have the choice of the 6d. collapsible tube or the 6d. bottle with metal spreader. At dealers everywhere—or if you wish a generous sample with booklet, write to-day, sending this coupon and one penny stamp.

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HALL CAINE'S GREAT SERIAL, "THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME"

Starts this Week, March 8th,

IN

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER

The World's BEST WEEKLY

On Sale Throughout the
Country Friday, Saturday
and Sunday.

Order your Copy To-day
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ONE PENNY.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF LACE WINDOW DECORATIONS.

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**Supreme!
Distinctive!
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Insist upon having
ARISTON
LACE CURTAINS
You may as well have
the best. They cost
no more than ordinary
makes.

To be obtained from all leading Drapers and Furnishers.

HEROES OF TWO OUTPOST FIGHTS.

Major Killed in Sudan Skirmish
with Outlaws.

"LEAVE ME."

Wounded Lieutenant's Order in
Attack on Raiders' Stockade.

"Killed in Action."

These brave words—an epitaph cut in brass in many an English village church—are almost all that record the heroic death, officially reported last night, of a British officer while on duty in an isolated outpost of Empire.

In a skirmish with outlaws near Wadi Hadi, on the Atbara River, in the Sudan:—

Brevet-Major J. L. J. Conry, D.S.O., of the Connaught Rangers, has been killed with three of his men, native soldiers, and others wounded.

Details of a British officer's heroism, in the discharge of duty in another isolated outpost, were also received last night.

Simple, but deeply stirring, in its stark significance is the story of how Lieutenant W. Lloyd Jones, of the King's African Rifles, led a small band of men against Abyssinian raiders. He was desperately wounded and, suffering agonies from lockjaw, was carried 500 miles on a stretcher to Nairobi, the chief town of British East Africa.

News of the skirmish in which Brevet-Major Conry was killed, cabled by the Khartoum correspondent of the *New East*, was confirmed last night at the Foreign Office.

Major Conry, with a party of the Arab Battalion (Egyptian Army), came up with about thirty outlaws near Wadi Hadi, on the Atbara River, on March 3. The outlaws showed fight, and all were either captured or killed.

In the South African War, Major Conry was present at the relief of Ladysmith and in action at Colesburg. He was wounded twice and mentioned in dispatches three times.

Major Conry was awarded the D.S.O. and after the war possessed the Queen's medal with five clasps, and the King's medal with two clasps.

"LEAVE ME AND RUSH THE GATE."

A thrilling story of how Lieutenant Lloyd Jones with only fifteen men rushed the stockade of Abyssinian raiders has been received from East Africa.

Lieutenant Lloyd Jones, with fifty King's African Rifles and a machine gun, was, according to details received by Reuter, in charge of a remote station to the south-east of Lake Rudolf known as Loiyangelana, six weeks' march from Nairobi.

There were continued rumours of Abyssinian raids, and in view of shortness of food caused by the non-arrival of the supply caravan it was thought that raiders had cut off the transport.

Leaving part of the garrison in the station, which was surrounded by barbed wire and a trench, the commander and a small escort made a ten days' journey to get food.

This proved unsuccessful, and it was decided to go in search of an Abyssinian raiding party known to be in the neighbourhood.

The force consisted of the two white officers, twenty-five King's African Rifles, a score or so of camels and a dozen Somali constabulary.

A valley was reached, where scouts reported the existence of a strong stockade held by riflemen.

Lieutenant Lloyd Jones, leaving the majority of the men behind, advanced quickly into the valley with fifteen rifles.

LIEUTENANT'S HEROIC DASH.

He came upon a circular town zereba 10ft. high, and taking advantage of a dry river bed he worked his way round to rush the only entrance. At twenty-five yards' distance he placed his men in N-shape formation so as to prevent all egress from the stockade.

The raiders were told that if they came out their lives would be spared. There was no reply. The bugler sounded "Charge!" and the soldiers, with a yell, rushed forward, firing a volley.

Orders were heard in Abyssinian to shoot the white man, and as Lieutenant Lloyd Jones reached the gate he dropped, shot through both legs.

The orderlies attempted to carry their commander off the field, but the latter told them to leave him and to rush the narrow gate. This they accomplished with the greatest gallantry, killing every man inside the zereba.

The wounded officer was carried to the top of a neighbouring hill, and a start was made for Marsabit.

Ten days after the fight an Indian medical assistant arrived, and Lieutenant Lloyd Jones had been steadily growing worse. One leg had become septic, the pain was maddening and the scanty supply of chloroform began to give out. Lockjaw intervened, and it was three weeks after the fight before Marsabit was reached.

All that was possible was done, but the muscles had shrunk, and one leg was four inches shorter than the other. It was not until after having undergone a stretcher journey of over 500 miles, under the most horrible conditions, that the wounded man reached Nairobi Hospital.

THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is:—Light westerly to strong southerly wind; fair to dull with occasional rain; variable temperature.

Lighting-up time 8.45 p.m. 8.48 p.m.
High water at London Bridge 9.25 p.m. 10.15 a.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn-circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 29.45in., rising slightly; temperature, 52deg.; wind, W., very easterly; weather, fair but threatening. Sea passages will be rough to moderate.

BIG REVIEW OF ULSTER VOLUNTEERS.



The Earl of Leitrim passing along the ranks.



Royal Irish Constabulary watching the volunteers.

The 1st Battalion of the Donegal Regiment (Ulster volunteer force) assembled at Rosnawlagh, near Ballyshannon, where they were inspected by General Sir George Richardson, assisted by Lord Leitrim. There were about 600 men on parade.

EIGHT-INCH HEEL.



A heel which is 8 1/2 in. high and studded with gems. It is a "novelty" from Paris.

"TAXI, PLEASE."



A new automatic machine which telephones for taxicabs. They are in use in Hamburg.

JEWEL DEWDROPS IN COURT GOWN.

Pageant of Lace and Gold at
Buckingham Palace.

DIAMOND FLOWERS.

A glittering pageant of colour, in which the soft lustre of wondrous toilettes mingled with the glowing scarlet, gold and blue of uniforms, was seen at last night's Court at Buckingham Palace—the second of the season.

The King wore the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards. The Queen wore a gown of Indian cloth of gold, hand embroidered in gold and a diamond train of Irish point lace, lined with gold tissue. The border was of raised gold leaves, outlined with a diamond crown of emeralds and diamonds.

There was a remarkable display of beautiful lace, many trains being made entirely of lace save for a soft lining of tulle.

Debutantes in several instances were wearing a touch of delicate colour on the pure whiteness of their gowns.

Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck and the Duke of Teck were present at the brilliant ceremony, for which nearly 700 guests assembled.

Among the debutantes, Lady Doris Gordon Lennox was presented by her mother, the Countess of March. Her graceful and simple gown of soft white satin charmeuse was arranged with a tunic of white embroidery, the train being also of white charmeuse.

Another debutante, Lady Georgina Agar, presented by her mother, the Countess of Normanton, was wearing a white satin gown, trimmed with white crystal embroidery, the train being composed entirely of white crystal embroidery lined with white chiffon.

Miss Mac Cuag, presented by Lady Willoughby de Broke, had a gown of oyster white satin, trimmed with nixon. With this she wore a beautiful train of silver floral brocade.

PEARL-FRINGED DRAPERY.

Miss Bayley White, presented by her mother, Lady Bayley White, was wearing a simple white satin gown, draped with net, lightly embroidered with iridescent sequins.

Miss Vera Crichton, who was presented by her mother, wore white charmeuse, the corsage being of white net over palest pink chiffon, adorned round the décolletage with pink rosebuds.

Among the many beautiful gowns was that worn by the Duchess of Portland. This was of maize-coloured satin veiled with diamond tulle, on which fell a novel drapery of maize chiffon edged with fine pearl fringe.

The corsage was of maize-coloured chiffon beautifully embroidered with pearls and diamonds.

The train was of Brussels lace, which had belonged to Marie Antoinette, the lace being draped over diamond tulle and edged with rows of fine pearls.

Princess Lichnowsky (wife of the German Ambassador) wore a magnificent gown of lace appliquée with a high belt in a beautiful shade of blue moiré.

Her train of gold tissue was gracefully draped with blue chiffon of the same shade as the belt and fringed with a novel deep collar of lace appliquée fastened on both shoulders with gold cords and tassels.

Mrs. Hines Page (wife of the United States Ambassador) was wearing a gown of biscuit-coloured shadow lace over soft satin, the waist encircled with a band of mordoré satin caught in front with a beautiful diamond ornament.

Her train was of mordoré satin lined with chiffon to match, and was handsomely embroidered in silk to form a flower design, the cent of the flowers being finished with dewdrops in very fine diamonds.

LOVERS DEAD IN STREET.

A young man and woman were found dead last night on the pavement in Gilling-road, Plumstead. Their throats were cut.

The discovery was made by Mr. J. Fawcett, of Capston-road, Plumstead, who informed the police, and later the girl was identified as Violet Dash, twenty-two, of 10, Gilling-road, and the man as Frederick May, aged twenty-six, an Army reservist, whose address is at present unknown.

It appears that until quite recently the girl and the man, who is believed to come from somewhere in Kent, were on very friendly terms, and had latterly become engaged. Since the man returned from India early in January, however, the girl is said to have written to him breaking off the engagement.

Early last evening the man called at the girl's house, and waited until she returned home for her tea. After tea they went out together, and at nine o'clock they were seen talking on the spot where their bodies were subsequently found.

WIFE KEPT IN LOCKED ROOM.

"The husband seemed to have a suspicion that the Poor-law authorities would try to take his wife away, and so he kept her locked up, evidently out of kindness," said the coroner at an inquest yesterday regarding the death of Frances Eade, aged sixty-seven, wife of James Eade, caretaker at a mission hall.

The husband said his wife had been ill for twenty years, and the parish doctor had tried to persuade her to go to the infirmary, but she said "will not go."

Mr. E. P. Shaw, relieving officer, stated that he had made official visits to the house from time to time, but was unable to get in.

Medical evidence showed that death was due to pneumonia, and a verdict was returned accordingly.

MANŒUVRE TO MAKE WIFE TALK.

Husband Says He Tore New Costume Down the Back.

"THEN SHE DID SPEAK."

How he made his wife speak to him when, as he said, she had a fit of silence, was told by a husband in the Divorce Court yesterday, when the hearing was continued of the Woking cross suits.

Mrs. Florence Knight, who was married at seventeen, accuses her husband, the son of a Woking draper, of cruelty and misconduct with a nurse named Kathleen Hall. Mr. Knight, on the other hand, alleges misconduct on the part of his wife with Mr. Sidney Herbert Stretton, against whom damages are claimed.

In the witness-box Mr. Knight described how he seized his wife's new costume and tore it down the back. "Then she did speak," he added. The hearing was again adjourned. (Photographs on page 8.)

HOW WIFE WAS MADE TO SPEAK

Mrs. Lydia A. Main, who resides at Hurlingham and is a sister of Mrs. Knight, stated she had divorced her husband. She gave evidence as to the alleged cruelty of Mr. Knight, and denied having influenced his wife to do anything.

Mr. Marshall Hall: Did you know that Mr. Knight objected to his wife associating with you?

—No. He never said anything to me.

I suggest you have been covering your sister during the whole of her intimacy with the co-respondent?—I deny it.

Were you discharged from Harrods for dishonesty?—No, through a misunderstanding. I was asked by a friend to take out a small raincoat for her to try on. It was against the rules, and I got discharged.

Did you steal another coat on another occasion?—The same kind of thing occurred.

WHAT THE WATCHER SAW.

Used you and your sister to change coats in order that she might be mistaken for you?—No.

Mr. Lewis Thomas (for the wife): Were you charged with stealing the coat?—Yes.

And the charge was abandoned?—Yes.

George W. Bathurst, stockbroker's clerk, said he was engaged to watch Mr. Knight's house. On February 1, 1913, he went to Woking, and saw a man and about 6.30 p.m. he saw Mr. Knight go inside the gate, come out, and then return into the house. Some time later a woman came out of the house, followed by Mr. Knight. There were no lights in the house the whole time.

He admitted that he was in the employ of the same firm as the co-respondent.

On behalf of the husband, Mr. Marshall Hall said the marriage was one of great affection. It was not denied that Mr. Knight was attracted to Nurse Hall, who had nursed him during his illness, or that he took her to theatres and kissed her. But there was no truth in the allegation that there had been misconduct.

WHEN SHE SPOKE.

Mr. Knight, in the witness-box, denied the charges made against him. He declared he lived happily with his wife until her sister came on the scene. He objected to their association.

He admitted he once tore his wife's costume. She had one of her fits on and would not speak. "I said," he continued, "if I don't make her speak one way I will another." I knew she had a new costume, so took hold of the coat and tore it down the back, and then she did speak. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Knight afterwards told him she did not care for him, and but for the children would take poison.

Mr. Herbert Smith: Did you ever try to strangle your wife?—No, she dared me to strangle her—wanted to prove me.

The Judge: Did you touch her throat?—I may have, but not to hurt her.

When he was taken ill, and had to undergo two operations, he asked, Mr. Hall attended him with his wife. They were all at Margate together (where it was suggested the co-respondent was staying), and later Mrs. Knight seemed changed in her manner.

All the family got attached to Nurse Hall, and when she left they went to the railway station to see her off. As the train was moving his wife said, Mr. Knight remarked, "Go on, Harry; give her a kiss." "I gave her a kiss."

The hearing was adjourned.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

Business in the Stock Exchange is still dwindling, and for the moment the outlook is none too bright. The Ulster question is, of course, creating considerable uneasiness, while the troubles in Mexico and Brazil are not conducive to a revival of activity.

Markets yesterday looked a trifle more cheerful in the morning, but fresh depression developed in the afternoon, and another big list of declines was shown on balance. Consols dropped to 74 13-16, Home Rails fell a quarter to a half all round, and New York continued to sell Americans and Canadas.

In other directions, while the troubles in Mexico and Brazil are not conducive to a revival of activity, the Preference Newspaper Ordinary were firm at 23s., but the Preference fell 3d. to 18s. 6d.

Among newspaper prices Amalgamated Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 3 13-16 and 2s. respectively, while Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 2s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary were firm at 23s., but the Preference fell 3d. to 18s. 6d.

THE RYE (Sussex) Board of Guardians recently decided to supply inmates of the casual ward with tea for breakfast instead of water, but the Local Government Board have declined to sanction it.

When Hoxton Does Not Bathe.

A motion for an injunction to restrain the Shoreditch Corporation from permitting the Hoxton Public Baths being used as a cinematograph theatre was dismissed yesterday by Mr. Justice Eve.

WITH THE GLOVES ON.

The King's Interest in Boxing Boom—Minister Who Spars with Son.

The interesting announcement that the King has expressed a desire to see some boxing contests gave immense satisfaction in the sporting world yesterday.

The contests will take place in the riding school of the Albany-street Barracks, Regent's Park, on Monday, March 16, and professional and amateur champions will appear.

As colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, the King will, with the colonel and officers of the regiment, and then will afterwards witness the boxing contests.

The Daily Mirror is able, by the courtesy of the Sporting Life, to give the full official programme, which will be performed before his Majesty. It is as follows:—

BOXING EXHIBITIONS.
Bombardier Wells (heavy-weight champion of England) v. Pat O'Keefe (middle-weight champion of England).
Sergeant McEnery (middle-weight champion of Army and Navy) v. E. V. Chandler (middle-weight amateur champion of 1913).

BOXING CONTEST—Six Rounds.
Corporal Pay (2nd Life Guards) v. Trooper Bradshaw (2nd Life Guards).

BOXING CONTEST—Three Rounds.
Trooper Dalry (2nd Life Guards) v. Trooper Treen (2nd Life Guards).

WRESTLING EXHIBITION.
S. V. Bacon v. E. H. Bacon.

WRESTLING CONTEST—Fitch-as-Catch Can v. Trooper Leitch v. Farrier Staff-Corporal Parker.

DUELLING SWORDS (no buttons) D. W. D. v. Corporal Major Herbert Grainger v. Corporal of Horse Moore.

Corporal of Horse Cliffe v. Corporal of Horse Wilkins.

FENCING EXHIBITION.
Corporal-Major Instructor of Fencing and Gymnastics H. B. v. Corporal-Major Instructor of Fencing and Gymnastics R. B. v. Corporal-Major Instructor of Fencing and Gymnastics R. B.

The popularity of boxing has in recent years been on the up grade. This has been seen in the enormous and ever-increasing attendance at boxing contests and in the multitude of newly-formed clubs which have sprung up with mushroom-like rapidity in towns and villages all over the country.

All classes are patronising the art to-day. Peers, statesmen, City men, tradesmen, actors, artists, farmers, clerks, shop assistants, schoolmasters, scholars, and even tiny children in knickerbockers don the gloves for spirited bouts.

Not the least enthusiastic disciple of the "noble art" is Mr. John Burns.

He is a first-rate boxer, and many stories from time to time reach his Battersea neighbours of lively rounds between the Cabinet Minister and his strapping son in their home in Lavender Gardens, S.W.

Not a little of the boom in boxing was yesterday attributed by a well-known sporting authority to The Daily Mirror pictures of championship fights.

"Your pictures of the Wells-Blake fight were everywhere," he said. "In trains, train-cars, and buses people's eyes seemed glued on the open middle pages with their wonderful reproduction of the scenes in the ring."

MAN WITH THE CAMELLIA.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 6.—The American painter, Mr. Ferdinand Earle, of "affinity" fame, and who wore a white camellia, and his companion, Miss Charlotte Herman, who wore carnations, appeared to-day in the dock at Romorantin, near Poitiers, charged with the abduction of Harold Earle, the painter's son by his first marriage.

Harold's mother described her former husband as "a bad man who has been married and divorced three times, and that is why I ask the Court to remove my son from his disastrous and degrading influence."

JOLLY GOOD COMPANY!

Mr. Tom Mann will sail from Southampton this afternoon for South Africa in the Union-Castle mail steamer Edinburgh Castle. He has booked

EXPRESS SKEWERS ITSELF.

A 15ft. rail was "picked up" by the engine of the West of England express yesterday morning, driven through the floor of the front guard's van, protruded through the roof.

The train was due at Paddington at 1.30, and while the express was whizzing along near Twyford, where electrical signalling is being installed, the incident happened.

The guard, James Howard, of Exeter, had a narrow escape.

The train was brought to a standstill for about twenty minutes, but as all efforts to dislodge the rail were futile the train proceeded to London, where the damaged coach was disconnected.

Baronet's Death at Bedford.

The death has occurred at his residence at Bedford of Colonel Sir William S. Seton, ninth baronet.

Why They Can't Have Tea.

The Rye (Sussex) Board of Guardians recently decided to supply inmates of the casual ward with tea for breakfast instead of water, but the Local Government Board have declined to sanction it.

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A motion for an injunction to restrain the Shoreditch Corporation from permitting the Hoxton Public Baths being used as a cinematograph theatre was dismissed yesterday by Mr. Justice Eve.

Died at the Tea-Table.

While taking tea in a Southend restaurant yesterday Miss Louisa Batsford, of Westcliff, died suddenly at a table.

6400 Robbery in Liner.

Precious stones and gold to the value of £400 have been stolen, says Reuter, from Miss L. Toogood, of Ceylon, a passenger in the Prinz Ludwig.

Lord A. Douglas "Away."

A warrant was issued at the Old Bailey yesterday for the arrest of Lord Alfred Douglas, but he said he would give an undertaking not to be in London in connection with alleged libels on his father-in-law, Colonel Custance. He was stated to be in Paris.

DOORSTEP FATES.

Four Ulster Women on Campstools Besiege Sir E. Carson.

BUTLERS' PAINED AMAZE.

Sir Edward Carson, himself a rare fighter, was in the singular position yesterday of being besieged on his own magnificent doorstep.

On the broad top shining step of his house in Eaton-place were four small campstools, and seated firmly on these were four determined Irish suffragettes from Belfast.

They sat there, well-known and dourly, like the Fates, waiting for the well-known figure of Sir Edward which never came.

This was not altogether singular, as he is confined to his bed by a cold, and is unlikely to leave it until to-night. But this information in no wise interrupts the vigil of the Ulster suffragettes.

The trouble, as they explained to The Daily Mirror, is this: "Sir Edward in a recent speech stated that in any provisional Government for Ulster there should be votes for women, and now that a compromise on the Home Rule question is probable we want an assurance from him that he will accept no compromise which does not include women's franchise for Ulster."

Miss Evans had a longer vigil than the others. She arrived outside the house at 3 p.m. on Thursday, waited until nine, and turned up again at seven to-night.

The other members of the deputation arrived a little later yesterday. They were Miss Corcoran, Miss Anderson and Mrs. Baker, all of Belfast, and filled with indomitable determination not to leave Sir Edward Carson's doorstep until they received a reply.

WHAT THE BUTLER SAID.

"His secretary and his butler," they said to The Daily Mirror, "told us this morning that he is going away some time to-night, though his doctor said that it would not be until to-morrow."

"Anyway, we are just going to wait here until he does come out. No, we are not going to do anything violent, or break windows; one Unionist does not break the windows of another Unionist."

But, for all their bold assertions, the four abandoned their watch at about ten o'clock last night. The four never rest—women must bow to them; and so the four departed.

Mr. Bonar Law paid a visit to Sir Edward yesterday and stayed half an hour. But he was not molested as he came out.

Meanwhile, aristocratic Belgravia looked on in shocked amaze. The spectacle was so singular that one acting inspector of police, a sergeant, two constables and a police constable man ranged themselves on the opposite side of the road, while the Irish suffragettes smiled across at them pleasantly.

They were quite comfortable; rugs kept them warm, they had books to read, and the shocked expressions on the faces of neighbouring butlers kept them pleasantly amused. It was Eaton-place which suffered, not they.

CAPTAIN'S WORDS ON ENVELOPE.

Captain Huth, of Wadhurst, Sussex, against whom a writ of attachment had been issued for contempt because he had written alleged libellous letters to his wife, Mrs. Huth, of Torquay, appeared in the Court of Appeal yesterday.

It had been stated that the captain had written to his wife, Mrs. Huth, of Torquay, a letter in which he never rest—women must bow to them; and so the four departed.

Through counsel yesterday the captain said he was ready to offer a full apology to the Court, and he said he would give an undertaking not to be in London in connection with alleged libels on his father-in-law, Colonel Custance. He was stated to be in Paris.

First Lord as Air Pilot.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who so far has flown only as a passenger, has decided to become a qualified airman, and to learn how to pilot an aeroplane without any assistance.

On many of his flights he has been in a dual-control machine, and taken entire charge during the greater portion of the trip.

To gain his certificate, Mr. Churchill must make two flights of at least three miles 185 yards, choosing a course which will necessitate right and left hand turns. He must also reach a height of 164ft. No one must accompany him.

ENGINEER AND GIRL.

After a three days' hearing at the Sussex Assizes yesterday, Ernest A. F. Willet, a 21-year-old engineer, was found guilty of offences against May Boyce, aged thirteen, an orphan, living with her aunt.

Mr. Justice Fry sentenced him to fifteen months' imprisonment, and the last assizes four months ago the jury disagreed.

HUSBAND SHOT WHILE ASLEEP.

BOMBAY, March 6.—The trial was concluded at Kottayam to-day of Burton W. Swinny and Mrs. Buckingham Stephens, who were charged with jointly committing the murder of the latter's husband, a European dentist. He was shot while asleep in his bungalow.

The woman prisoner was found guilty of the murder, and Swinny with abetment, and both were sentenced to imprisonment for life.

While he has been in custody Swinny has made a desperate effort to escape. One night after he had been allowed extra comforts he got free from his cell, and taking two swords from the stationer, he ran away. He was, however, caught after an exciting chase. Mrs. Buckingham Stephens has given birth to a child while in custody.—Exchange.

THREAT TO MR. A. DE ROTHCHILD

Found behaving in a curious manner outside the residence of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild in Seacombe, W., yesterday morning, a man who gave the name of Rapson, was taken to Vine-street Police Station, where it was found that he was not responsible for his actions. He was sent to a workhouse.

This incident followed a complaint to the police by Mr. de Rothschild that he had received a letter of a threatening nature. The communication was received on Thursday, and apparently came from Rapson, who at one time was a luggage porter, but lost his employment after an accident. The man, who on at least two occasions had been financially assisted by Mr. de Rothschild, attributed his present misfortune to his benefactor.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

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The Rye (Sussex) Board of Guardians recently decided to supply inmates of the casual ward with tea for breakfast instead of water, but the Local Government Board have declined to sanction it.

When Hoxton Does Not Bathe.

A motion for an injunction to restrain the Shoreditch Corporation from permitting the Hoxton Public Baths being used as a cinematograph theatre was dismissed yesterday by Mr. Justice Eve.

Died at the Tea-Table.

While taking tea in a Southend restaurant yesterday Miss Louisa Batsford, of Westcliff, died suddenly at a table.

6400 Robbery in Liner.



Lord Loreburn.

will be two ex-Lord Chancellors on the Peers' Committee, the other ex-Lord Chancellor being Lord Halsbury. These two great lawyers are the closest of personal friends. I have often seen Lord Halsbury in temporary occupation of the Woolsack during the days of Lord Loreburn's Chancellorship, while the Liberal peer retired in the midst of a long sitting for a pipe and refreshment.

"Dawn of Spring."

It is all very well, as a feminine foible, to name new hats and frocks with flowery titles. "Love's Dream" or "Mignonette" may describe a Paris creation, but when it comes to mere man's clothes, well—

Yesterday I saw in the West End a hatter's window full of the new season's styles in art plush, intended obviously to attract the eye of the "nut." The hats were labelled "Dawn of Spring."

A Fashion Revival.

Are the fashions of 1880 returning? I saw a woman at the Savoy last night with her hair piled high upon her head in the 1880 fashion. She also wore a short fringe and a flounced skirt. Nothing was wanted save a "bustle" to make her look like a belle of the early eighties.

The Trouble of Tipping.

"Tipping is a nuisance everywhere," said a member of my club who has just returned from the United States, "but on the other side it is extortion reduced to a scientific system. Hence, the American silver 'dime' is the lowest tip you dare offer for the slightest service."

"The hotels and restaurants lease their coat-rooms and wash-rooms to Greeks, probably former bandits. You must pay 6d. for washing your hands in the wash-room of a hotel where you probably are paying 14s. for your bedroom."

Won't Allow Them Pockets.

"However, I was delighted to learn that the Tip Trust has sorrows of its own. In my New York hotel the coat-room boys were compelled to wear liveries without pockets, so that they could not appropriate an occasional 'dime' for themselves. At one hotel in Chicago the pocketless boys embezzled so many extorted tips that the trust dismissed all boys and installed girls in their posts."

Tips 8s. a Day.

"The girls, too, must wear pocketless gowns, and their collars must fit so snugly that they cannot slip a 'dime' or 'quarter' (1s.) down their necks."

"The tipping system, I was told, has grown to such outrageous proportions that merchants employing travellers are compelled to allow them 8s. a day for tips in their expense bills. I don't know what would have happened to me if I had dared to proffer any servant in 'free America' a 2d. tip, as I do here, for a trifling service. I shudder to contemplate the result."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mr. B. C. Hicks.

Retired to Smoke.

Now that Lord Loreburn has finally agreed to serve, there

Royalty and Boxing.

Most of us are delighted to hear that the King is going to take an active interest in Boxing. By doing so, he is following an old tradition of our Royal Family.

King Edward saw many boxing matches, and once shook hands with Jem Mace and congratulated the old English champion.

George IV., of course, was a great patron of the sport. He knew most of the boxing fraternity of his day intimately.

Prince John has already given signs of developing into a most pugnacious boxer.

A Strong Ruler.

The new Prince of Albania is probably the strongest ruler in Europe. Carmen Sylva, the literary Queen of Rumania, describes him as a veritable giant in strength.

When he was a boy he used to take pride in lifting enormous weights. In fact, if he had not been born to be a monarch he might have made a comfortable fortune as a champion strong man. Those who know him say he is just the man to carry the burdens of his new sovereignty.

Audiences of Their Own.

Most theatres have audiences of their own. The old Savoy was remarkable in this respect, and so was the old Adelphi. The St. James's Theatre has quite an individual audience of its own to-day. It looks substantial, respectable and rather intellectual.

It is not a flashy audience, showy with rings and diamonds. It is very English, and might be described as "upper middle-class."

The Law and The Footlights.

The legal profession is generally largely represented at first nights. On Thursday Lord Reading, Mr. H. F. Dickens and Sir Charles Mathews were at Mr. Sutro's comedy. Mr. Sutro is the Lord Chief Justice's brother-in-law. He married Miss Esther Stella Isaacs.

Waiting His Turn.

Mr. Sutro first made a literary name for himself by translating Maeterlinck into English. Meanwhile, he was writing plays, which no manager would accept.

After years of patient waiting Mr. Arthur Bourchier gave him his chance, and Mr. Sutro has been one of our most successful playwrights ever since.

Sir Charles.

The Public Prosecutor, Sir Charles Mathews, who is an inveterate playgoer, was born in the atmosphere of the playhouse. He is the son of Charles Mathews, one of the most famous comedians of the last century.

It was once Sir Charles's intention to adopt the stage as a profession himself. He was advised against it because it was thought he had not the necessary gifts of delivery. Then he went to the Bar, where his very curious delivery and tricks of voice became the terror of witnesses and prisoners.

A Little Mistake.

The French newspapers have recently been full of the lists of newly-appointed recipients of Academy honours—the coveted decorations that all good Frenchmen love.

Of one prosperous merchant who aspired to this decoration I heard a good story the other day. He made his formal application, but, being detained at his business when the time came for the personal inquiry into his merits, he deputed his wife to attend before the municipal magistrate and plead his case for him.

The wife was a fascinating lady, and the susceptible magistrate was quickly convinced of the worth of the applicant. But in his report to the Ministry he recommended the wife, not the husband, and it was she who got the longed-for decoration.

Regrettable Injustice.

Then the indignant and disappointed Frenchman began to storm against everybody, wife, magistrate, Ministry included. And the end of it all was that "to repair a regrettable injustice" the worthy man's name was included in the next honours list, and now husband and wife, both officers of the Academy, are reconciled. But lots of people are laughing.

The Lord of "the Garden."

Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, the new Lord of Covent Garden, is taking up his responsibilities in the proper spirit. Next Wednesday he is presiding at a dinner of Wholesale Fruit and Potato Traders, and on the following day taking the chair at the Retail Fruiters and Florists' dinner. His Covent Garden tenants are hoping for reforms from their new landlord.

The Man Who Cleaned Panama.

The medical world is arranging a great reception for Dr. William Crawford Gorgas, Surgeon-General of the United States army, when he visits this country later in the month on his way home from South Africa.

Dr. Gorgas is the man who turned the Panama Isthmus from a white man's grave into a health resort, and all our leading doctors are anxious to do honour to the man of such great achievement, for without his wonderful sanitary work it is doubtful if the Panama Canal would have been built. It was disease as much as anything that caused the French failure in the Panama Isthmus.

The Real Question.

The stern father was trying to impress a somewhat flippant son with some sense of responsibility.

"Supposing I should be taken away suddenly," he said, "what would become of you?"

"Why, I'd stay here," said the youth irreverently, "the question is what would become of you?"



Dr. William O. Gorgas.

To-day's Grumble.

Mr. B. C. Hicks, the loops of loops in the air, has sent me a grumble. He thinks we are not so sporting a people as we think. "I have met so many instances of callous disregard of the very ethics of sportsmanship that I am beginning to think that the story of the Englishman being, before everything else, a true sportsman contains more imagination than fact," he writes.

"My most frequent grumble is against the people who stay on the wrong side of the pay-box and witness flights from outside the ground free of charge."

"The worst offenders are those who come in expensive motor-cars!"

Montmartre in the City.

Even the dear old City of London is becoming quite Bohemian in these days. Yesterday I discovered a little cave near Cannon-street which is called the Rouge et Noir. It is a subterranean cavern draped in scarlet and illuminated with deep red lamps.

The two girls who bring you coffee are dressed in black satin. They wear red sashes and their skirts are slashed up to the knees.

Their shoes and stockings are scarlet. There are four alcoves, and they are called after the night clubs. One is the Lotus, the other is Murray's, another is the Four Hundred and the fourth is the New Palm. And all this in the staid, grey City!

The Forgetful Borrower.

I see Sir John Simon has been called to order for borrowing books from the House of Lords library and not returning them.

Sir John's failing is a very human one, and I wonder why book plates are not more commonly used. They at least visibly proclaim a volume's ownership, and leave no excuse for forgetfulness.

Only a few weeks ago I reclaimed one of my books from the wife of a forgetful borrower who had had it for nearly two years.

The next time he came to my house, happening to see it, he picked it up and said: "You will let me have this back soon, won't you? It's borrowed, and I want to return it to its owner." And I really had difficulty in persuading him that I was its owner.

Not Noticeable.

The man from Paris was telling me about one of their new revues.

"It's nothing to speak of," he said. "What about the dresses?" I inquired.

"They're nothing to speak of," he repeated.

The Tribe of On.

Talking yesterday of English poets reminds me of how many of their names end in "on"? There are Milton, Tennyson and Byron, besides the modern group of Davidson, Dawson, Johnson and Thompson.

But the Tribe of On is the most famous family tribe in the world. Solomon is their patriarch, and Nelson and Wellington two of their modern heroes. Just try and count the number of famous men whose names have ended in "on," and you will be surprised.

THE RAMBLER.

CURLS TO ORDER.

Simple Process by Which Straight Hair Becomes Wavy and Beautiful.

Long lashes and curling hair are desired practically by every woman.

No magician has so far come along to provide the lashes, but to-day any woman can own hair that waves and curls.

Who can look pretty with wisps of dank hair hanging over her face and down the back of her neck?

Half the pleasure of life is lost to such a girl, for it is the wavy-haired girl who wins hearts on golf links and tennis courts.

A Swiss scientist has discovered that the only difference between curly and straight hair lies in the fact that the pores of curly hair are open, those of straight hair practically closed.

Experiments showed that borax, water and heat were all that were necessary to open the pores and therefore to wave even the most rigidly straight hair.

The process is the simplest thing in the world. The hair is first thoroughly brushed, then divided into strands. Each strand is twisted round a small metal cylinder and covered with a strip of flannel saturated with borax.

These, in turn, are fastened into cylinders of brown paper, secured with string, and finally are slipped into the big hollow cylinders of a sort of electric chandelier.

From this process come curls that withstand soap and water, the heat of summer, or the most boisterous winds that blow.

(Photographs on page 1.)

SINKING SHOP WINDOWS.

Stores with Free Dressing-Rooms for Theatre-Going Husbands.

"My dear," Mrs. Balham says to her husband at breakfast, "my dear, the Tootings have invited us to go to the theatre with them to-night, and I have accepted; so be prepared to get into evening clothes after business."

"Can't be done," Mr. Balham says with a growl. "I'm in the office until after six. I can't change there. I won't go to a hotel just to dress, so you had better make up your mind not to go."

These conversations are distressingly frequent, but in New York they have just taken steps to see that there shall be no more of them.

The reformation is due to the opening of the most up-to-date stores in the world—that of Lord and Taylor's.

Here there is a special dressing-room where business men can dress and get shaved and then have their business clothes sent home for nothing while they proceed to dinner and the theatre.

Another special feature of this wonderful store is the large show windows, which are equipped so that their exhibits may be changed as often as desired. The floors of the windows may be lowered to the basement for retrimming, and raised with an entirely new display. Similarly the floor of the vestibule may be lowered and in its place a show window put for display in the evening when the store is closed.

GARDEN OF EDEN HATS.

Flowers, Beetles, Fruits, Wood, Cats' Fur and Vegetables as Trimmings.

Wood is one of the latest materials to be used for the adornment of women's hats, and little wooden wings painted in colours are seen with other woden figures.

Almost every kind of fabric and material is used as trimming nowadays. Bristles are dyed grey to look like "elephant's bristles" in order to make hat mounts.

The Daily Mirror collected a list of articles now used generally, seen in the West End yesterday.

In floral designs were seen flowers made of:—

Glass Composition Brass Beads Velvet.

China Wool Satin Silk.

All kinds of beads, weird stones, brass and other metal ornaments, and real flowers (for special occasions) are used for hat trimmings.

Fibres and grasses are turned into imitation feathers. Ornaments of horn, too, are seen.

Pig bristles are made up to represent ospreys. Every kind of animal's fur is used, even the humble cat is not allowed to escape.

Vegetables from the kitchen garden, fruits—the shape and design, if not the real thing—real beetles and butterflies, are all used to adorn millinery.

The only sort of thing that seems to have escaped is a fish.

BAYONETED IN HIS HOME

War Veteran Escapes Many Perils to Die by His Own Hand.

"He was very excitable and used to say that his service abroad had taken years off his life," said Mrs. Playfair at the inquest at Portsmouth yesterday on her husband, Captain Norman Playfair, who killed himself with a bayonet.

Mrs. Playfair, who before her marriage to the deceased was Lady Forestier-Walker, said that they sat talking until midnight, when her husband, who was rather excited, said he would go upstairs and take some veronal. She ran up before him and locked the door.

He complained of his head, which she bathed, and as he went into another room she heard him say something about "ending it," and saw him stagger and fall. She saw a bayonet and found that he had stabbed himself.

He had served for many years in hot countries. He also served in the Tirah campaign, and used day after day to ride sixty miles on camel-back, with nothing but a tarboosh on his head.

He was to collect tribute from the tribes round Suakim. They were Laden Dowahs, a very truculent people, and he carried his life in his hand.

The jury found that deceased committed suicide while temporarily insane.

On Page 12—Our Children's Saturday Corner—The Adventure of Jack and Joan; Secret of Bargains Revealed; and Our Weekly Toilet Talk.

1^d 2^d 4^d 1^d 1/2^d

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1914.

THE GREATEST PENANCE.

BREAKFAST is never the best meal for anybody's temper, and it is a sign of very little education to make personal remarks before noon. That was why the young man resented it very much when the middle-aged man suddenly remarked: "Isn't there something a little wrong with your tie this morning?"

In truth, it had fallen about an inch from the collar, which itself had a crumpled look, surprising round the neck of one always so beautifully dressed.

Both silently absorbed tea; until at last the young man, unable to bear the cruel attack upon him any longer, broke into speech, and spoke at considerable length, and said:—

"There was a time, many years ago, when I did not care about clothes. I was, in the words of the gentleman in a French comedy, 'clothed, not dressed.' My coverings—for they were little else—floated loosely about me. My trousers, I needn't say, were baggy. Worse, my coat always bulged back from the collar and fell away lop-sided, and my back was a mass of creases.

"Then, my collars! They never met in front, even by chance, and within their casing, the tie loosely hung down, revealing a bone stud. My boots were of the bulging type. My hats I cannot remember very well, but I know that they were invariably covered in their crevices with a coating of dust. Nothing ever fitted me. The tailors had their way with me. As they saw me coming, they laughed, in a derisive biblical manner, and amongst themselves they muttered: 'Go to!—here cometh one who knoweth naught of cutting. Let us now make him a mockery unto his fellows.'

"In those days, being ill-dressed, I was happy. What did it matter? I was careless, as the bird is supposed to be, but probably isn't. I didn't care. I didn't know. Life was all golden peace. Then I met you.

"I met you, and you made me aware that I was execrably clothed. I became conscious of collars. My gettings-up were, paradoxically, a nightmare. The crisis every morning over my collar! The tussle with the tie! Why, I have been on my knees, as it were, to haberdashers. Hosiers have heard my supplication. Everything is now made for me. After a frightful scene with the tailor, the bootmaker, the hosier, everything fits. I am—I was—perfectly dressed. It was my second period.

"It was a period of dressed perfection, of spiritual decay. If my tie was tied perfectly, I felt happy. My spirits rose or fell with the success of my collar. My time was given to fittings and tryings-on. Where your heart is. . . . As, this year, Lent came round, I came to see my danger.

"My danger is the danger of the well-dressed. I am obsessed by clothes. I must cease. I must give it up. I must renounce. I must this Lent perform the greatest penance I possibly can perform. For forty days I must be ill-dressed. I must."

"But I saw you at the tailor's only yesterday."

"Yes; I was ordering some new clothes."

"To be ill-fitted—on purpose?"

"No; I shall try them on after Lent. Meanwhile, please don't mention my clothes."

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE LOSING HABIT.

YES, why is it one's umbrella is always getting lost? Next to umbrellas I put pencils. It's impossible to keep them. Then perhaps come little knives for sharpening pencils with. Gloves are a good fourth. These things are always lost. Can nothing be done to keep these things in the right place? ALBERT-COURT, S.W. MUDDLE HEAD.

HOW HE PROPOSED.

HE didn't. He was struck dumb. Seeing his embarrassment I said very quietly: "Jack, I can see you are unhappy." Silence. "What is the matter, Jack?" Silence. Long pause. "Are you in love?" "Yes." "Now tell me, Jack. Perhaps I can help you." For all answer he simply touched my hand and

THE FUTURE LIFE.

IT is gratifying that you open your columns to subjects which touch humanity at all points. All we know of the future life is got from the one authoritative book on such subjects—the Bible. It teaches of Heaven and also of Hell; we must take the bitter with the sweet. Certainly, it would seem a strange thing if the scoundrels, who in this life escape the punishment they deserve, should receive no retribution in the future. The nature of the punishment we cannot know; the hell of fire and brimstone is not in the Bible; it is a remnant of the medieval teaching of the Church in pre-Reformation days. Unfortunately, this, as you have shown, still persists in some quarters; but all Christian-minded men have long since ceased to believe in this Pagan superstition. The Bible teaches that the biblical conception of Heaven is to live in personal communion with God, through His Son.

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING IN THE COLD: A DISTINCTION.



It is wonderful to see how the weaker sex (so-called) will urge the duty of wrapping up upon the stronger, and then fail to follow it themselves.—(By Mr. W. K. Hapsden.)

looked at me. That was how he didn't propose. Yet we are married and very happy now. Cromwell-road, Hove, Sussex. JACK'S WIFE.

PROPOSE by letter, if shy. If doubtful whether you really love her, don't propose at all. It sometimes happens that one feels one loves her until one has proposed. Then somehow one feels one loves her no longer. F. W. H.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

The new plays and whether you approve of the bedroom scene. Do we believe in Hell nowadays, or don't we? But don't be too theological. If women ruled the world would they rule more or less harshly than men do now? But do men rule the world?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

It follows that the opposite must be Hell. By faith, we are in the one or the other now. What the future may be of this present state we are in we simply cannot tell, and it is of no advantage for us to know.

Our best plan is to avoid close speculation on this point. S. N. G.

ETERNAL LOVE.

Leave me, O Love, which reached but to dust; And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things; Grow rich in that which never taketh rust; Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings. Draw in thy beam, and humble all thy might; To that sweet yoke where lasting freedom be; Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light, That both doth shine, and gives us light to see. O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide In this small course which birth draws out to death, And think how ill becometh him to slide Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly birth. Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see: Eternal Love maintain thy life in me. —SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

FOR THE JOBLESS.

Advice as to the Best Manner of Getting Into Remunerative Work Again.

IMPORTUNITY is the great virtue of the jobless. When I was out of work two and a half years ago I spent my days bothering a well-known business man whom I very slightly knew and concerning whom I knew that he could find me a place even if he had not got one at the moment.

He did find me a place, and afterwards I learnt that he had turned in despair to his manager and said: "X, for heaven's sake give this fellow something or he will drive me mad. I don't care what it is." Persistence tells. The importunate widow touch. Try it. Streatham. A. L. N.

ROLLING STONES' advice to keep smiling and not let everyone know you are down and out is excellent. One has to admit, however, that backbone and initiative are qualities that are certainly needed when one is turning one's last silver coin over, and can still keep smiling. Unemployment is a good tonic—it broadens the mind and sharpens the wits.

I find that an employer in the majority of cases looks with favour on the man who is pushful with his wares (i.e., labour) for surely that man, if conscientious, is capable of doing the same for his employer.

Having worked under many men in various parts of the world, I find that an independent and self-confident air (not overdone, of course) that one can "down and out" style so frequently adopted. NEW ZEALAND IN LONDON.

A LARGE majority of employers will not employ the "Rolling Stone" unless obliged to, for the reason that the latter is invariably a more experienced man than himself, and, having more spirit, or "spunk," will not submit so tamely as the steady "moss-grown" specimen.

The average employer fails to distinguish between the man who is unemployed through his own incompetence and he whose unemployment is due to someone else's incompetence—i.e., his late employer's inability to make things pay.

A safe job may be conducive to a tranquil mind, but will never sharpen a man's wits or bring out the best in him; at the same time it must be remembered that insecurity means a dissipation of energy which might be more profitably used otherwise.

Present-day conditions in commercial life are decidedly against an employee changing his situation as often as he might with advantage (to himself)—to be "out of a job" is a greater defect than lack of experience or knowledge. D.

I AM one without a job, and, though I have answered hundreds of advertisements, giving the fullest particulars respecting myself, having excellent references, but am unfortunately just on fifty years—I have only received five replies, regretting, etc., but "too old."

So, you see, with your best intentions to work, bringing with you valuable experience to any employer, nobody wants you, and you have to remain on the rocks.

I think it would greatly help many men "without a job" if suggestions were published by some correspondents: How to help men of my age (physically still robust) to get another job. Rocks.

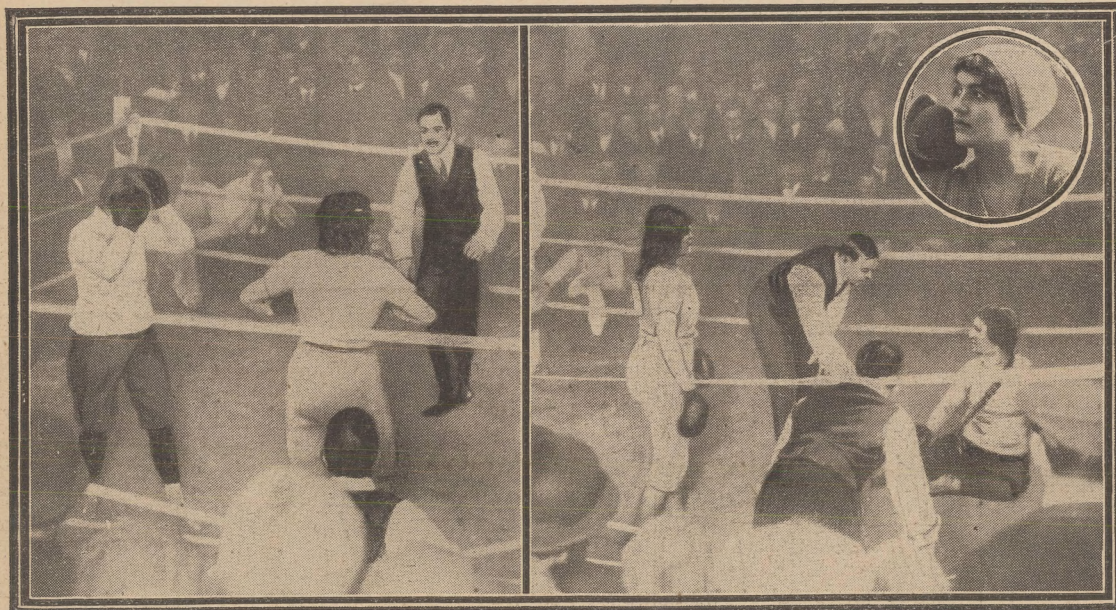
IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 6.—Many interesting and beautiful summer-flowering bulbs may now be planted. The monbetrias (from South Africa) should be in every garden, for their graceful flowers are decorative and good for cutting. They increase very rapidly and established clumps should be dug up and divided every year or two; otherwise they will not blossom freely.

Gladioli can be set out in good ground now; with them let the noble Cape hyacinths (galtonia candicans) be grown. The Caffre lilies bloom late in the autumn. E. F. I.

BOXING GIRLS STOP TO TIDY THEIR HAIR.

OUR SP



A rest for Mlle. Warner to arrange her hair.

Mlle. Warner "knocked out."

Mlle. Carpentier.

A boxing contest, which had to be stopped at frequent intervals for the principals to tidy their hair, took place at Chantilly. It was between Mlle. Carpentier (the name is merely a coincidence) and Mlle. Warner

for the world's female boxing championship. When not thinking of their appearance they fought wildly and with complete disregard of the rules, the referee's endeavours to make them be fair being fruitless.

THREE NEWS PORTRAITS.



Mr. John W. Chester, formerly a Burnley mill boy, who has been appointed to a professorship at Toronto.



Mr J. W. Thomas, a brother of Lord Pontypridd, who died while lunching in a London restaurant.



Cardinal Kopp, Prince-Bishop of Breslau (Silesia) whose death has occurred. He was famous as having once braved the Kaiser, marching into the royal room after being informed that his Majesty was indisposed.

SISTER'S EVIDENCE IN WOKING DIVORCE SUIT.



Mrs. Main.



Mrs. Knight.



Mr. Knight.



Nurse Hall.

Mrs. Lydia Main, a sister of Mrs. Knight, gave evidence when the Woking divorce suit was resumed yesterday. Mrs. Knight is seeking a dissolution of her marriage, alleging misconduct between her husband and a nurse, Miss Kathleen Hall, while Mr. Knight has brought a cross-petition.

Prince Albert (facing a light)



The Prince of Wales present at the Oxford

PRINCES.

JUST LIKE A VULTURE: STRIKING FLIGHT STUDY.



Wales, who is wearing racing.



ers.
r, Prince Albert, were
ses at Stratton Audley



A photographic study entitled "Flight," showing an aeroplane disappearing over a bank of clouds. The announcement that the vote for flying in

the Army Estimates for 1914-15 is £1,000,000 is causing everyone's thoughts to turn towards aeroplanes.—(Horace W. Nicholls.)

GRAND NATIONAL CANDIDATES BEATEN AT HURST PARK.



The unlucky thirteen nearly over.



Trianon III. taking an obstacle.

A very large crowd was drawn to Hurst Park yesterday to see Lutteur III. and Covertcoat, both much fancied for this year's Grand National, oppose each other in the Champion Steeplechase. Neither won, however, Trianon III. gaining a sensational victory, Lutteur III. being second, a

length and a half behind, and Covertcoat third. No. 13, seen blundering in one of the pictures, is Cornongross, which was one of the runners in the Stanley Handicap Steeplechase. It ran fifth in the race.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Any person able to and willing to supply evidence, either from their own experience or corroborate that already obtained, on the undermentioned points in certain future proceedings to be taken in the High Court should communicate with the address given below.

Those who have had applications for Stage Carriage Licenses refused by the Public Carriage Office.

Those who have had renewals of same refused.

Those who have had Licenses cancelled or temporarily suspended by any other authority other than "Magistrates."

Any Licensed person who has been intimidated or who has been threatened, as to re-licensing, or has had such Licenses dealt with, for volunteering or giving evidence against the Metropolitan Police.

Details concerning the above points are required for the last five years only.

All communications, giving as full details as possible, to be made in writing only (on account of large number received), must be addressed, in the first instance, to Mr. Upjohn, at 5, Old Compton-street, Soho, London, W.

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FREE GIFTS IN EXCHANGE.

A BARKER SALE of EXTRAORDINARY VALUES

**MONDAY
NEXT,
March 9th.**

WHITE SALE

Being the accumulation of various huge purchases from manufacturers in the United Kingdom and all over Europe, bought at large discounts, and now offered in this great Sale at prices which are indeed extraordinary

**EXCLUSIVELY
WHITE GOODS OF
THE HIGHEST QUALITY.**

The "White Book" of the Sale will be posted to-day to all inquiring for it. Thousands of real bargains in Household Linens of every description and Lace Curtains. Dainty Lingerie, peasant and convent-made, from Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Ireland, &c. Hand-embroidered goods from the Vosges; finely embroidered and drawn Chinese Grass Cloths; and beautiful hand-drawn Tenerife work: all of the finest quality.

Buy from the "White Book"; it is full of charming illustrations, and every item is a bargain.

BARKERS

KENSINGTON

John Barker & Co., Ltd.

W

TERRIBLE ITCHING OF SKIN TROUBLE

**On Arms and Legs. Could Not Sleep at Night.
Burning All Over. White Blisters. Cuticura
Soap and Ointment Cured.**

8, Claremont Ter., Springwell, Nr. Gateshead, Co. Durham, Eng.—"My skin trouble began about last January.

It began under my arms and then on my legs. I had such terrible itching every night that I used to scratch myself until my legs and body used to bleed awfully. Directly my body began to get heated, the itching used to start. I could not sleep of a night for it used to be something dreadful. Many a night I used to have to get up out of bed as I could not close my eyes, and many a night I never used to go to bed until I felt worn out. I felt as if I was burning all over and white blisters came out under the skin and when I scratched them they used to pour with blood.

I tried ointments of every kind but they failed. One day I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I decided to write for a free sample. I felt relief even with the sample so I asked a friend of mine to get me the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used to wash with the Cuticura Soap and then apply the Cuticura Ointment on the affected parts. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me." (Signed) R. Shevills, Aug. 11, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. A sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book free from nearest depot. Address: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse St., London, or Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



Five Sizes

**1d., 2d.,
4d., 6d.
and 1s.**



—each size the finest value that good money can buy. Because Meltonian Paste more than pays for itself in the money it saves you by saving your boots—from hardening, from cracking, and from divers other ills; and it keeps them at their brightest all their long life!

MELTONIAN BOOT PASTE

Try a small size to start with—you can run no risk at all events, Sold at all Stores, etc. If you have any difficulty send a postcard for the name of your nearest retailer.
**E. BROWN & SON, Ltd. (Dept. 5),
Garlick Street, London.**

STONE'S GINGER WINE

In Bottle of all Grocers and Wine Merchants, and on draught at all Bars.

—YOUR Baby will thrive on—

Neave's Food

OLDEST, CHEAPEST, and STILL THE BEST.

A Mother's Testimony: Mrs. J. Kain, 6, Rockingham Road, Doncaster, writes: "DE—ADVISED ME TO GIVE MY TWIN BOYS OF SIX WEEKS OLD YOUR NEAVE'S FOOD. I have reason to be grateful to my Doctor for his advice, because I have never lost a night's rest with any of my children, and they have cut their teeth without any trouble. Your food also does away with all of medicine and castor oil."—22nd August, 1912.

Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Medical Officer of Health and Analyst for Dublin, writes: "An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food." British Medical Journal: "Well adapted for the use of children and aged people . . . much used by mothers nursing and by invalids."

Has for many years been used in the Russian Imperial Family.
NEARLY 50 YEARS' REPUTATION. GOLD MEDALS, LONDON 1860 and 1904, also PARIS.
SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TINS AND 4d. PACKETS.
Useful Booklet, "Hints about Baby," by a Trained Nurse, sent free. Sample for 2d. postage—mention Daily Mirror—**JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge**

NEW SERIAL

...

Season. Fry our Pancakes, Eggs or Fish, in ATORA Re-
fined Beef Suet. No unpleasant smell when heated, and
no "after-taste." Your grocer sells it—ask for ATORA
in block. Refuse substituted brands.—(Adv't.) —

Cream

Season. Fry our Pancakes, Eggs or Fish, in ATORA Re-
fined Beef Suet. No unpleasant smell when heated, and
no "after-taste." Your grocer sells it—ask for ATORA
in block. Refuse substituted brands.—(Adv't.) —

OUR CHILDREN'S SATURDAY CORNER.

Jack and Joan Find They Must Be Very Careful When Sailing on a Cloud.

My Dear Boys and Girls,—“I really think you must be a fairy, for you have guessed my name and my baby sister's, Jack and Joan! With love from Jack Elkan!” This is one of the dozens of letters about the twins reaching me by every post.

You have all fallen in love with Jack and Joan, I am sure. So many beautifully-painted pictures of their first adventure have reached me that I have spent hours considering them.

Only children under sixteen may take part in our competition. Colour your picture with water-colours or chalks, and send it, with your name and address to “The Children's Corner, *The Daily Mirror*, 23, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.,” so that it arrives not later than the first post on Wednesday next. Four prizes are offered—5s., 3s., and two of 2s. 6d. each.

Prizes for colouring Jack and Joan flying off to the clouds on the bird's back are awarded to: First (5s.), Donald Swaine (aged fourteen), 5, Queen's-terrace, Marshfields, Bradford, York; second (3s.), Winnie White (aged thirteen), 43, Greening-street, Abbey Wood, Kent; third (2s. 6d.), Violet Salvucci, 38, Wallingford-avenue, North Kensington, W.; fourth (2s. 6d.), Becky Mackie (aged nine), 7, Eden-place, Aberdeen. Good-bye until next week. AUNT MARY.

TWINS FALL IN A “MACKEREL” SKY.

(Continued from last week.)

Of course, poor old Green Cap must start boasting again—just as they were all safely entering the magic country of the clouds!

“Oh, how lovely, how lovely!” cried Jack and Joan together, as, peering over the edge of the

baby cloud, they saw, stretched out all round them, hundreds of beautiful fairy palaces, castles and mountains of snow.

“I want to dance,” said Joan, as the sound of the fairy orchestra became louder and louder.

Green Cap was hugely pleased to see the children so happy. He sat on the side of the little cloud, swinging his legs to and fro and blowing—for that was the only way to steer such a dainty craft. The children had to be very careful not to make a draught. Once Jack whistled—and he blew them a long way out of their course!

Slowly, like a piece of thistledown, they floated down into the clouds, when—“Aren't you glad you met such a wonderful goblin?” said Green Cap.

“Oh, dear me! As he spoke a wind suddenly sprang up, big drops of rain began to fall, and the children found themselves falling, falling, falling . . .

Such a splash! They came down on a soft, slippery sea of—fish! “This is very extraordinary,” said Green Cap as he helped Jack and Joan to their feet.

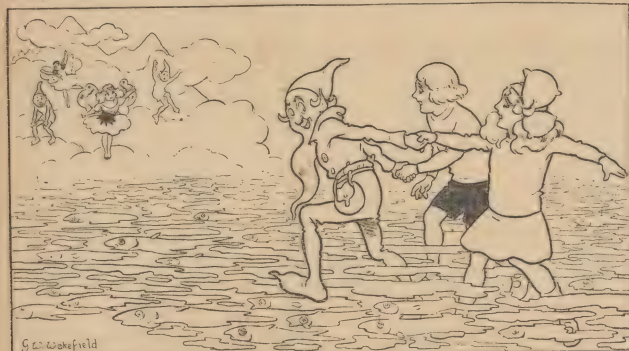
All round them, as far as they could see, were thousands and millions of fish. The children were standing knee-deep in them.

Suddenly an idea came to Jack. “I know where we are,” he said. “Can't you guess? We've fallen into a mackerel sky! Father has often pointed one out to me. It's a sign of rain, you know.”

All Joan said was: “What a very curious thing,” and, taking Green Cap's hands, the three set out to wade to the dry land—or, rather, dry clouds.

At last they heard voices like silver bells ringing, and, looking up, they saw four little people had come out to meet them. The two fairies, as we see in the picture, had put on their best go-to-party clothes.

And then—but we must wait until next week to see what an exciting reception they had!



Four prizes are offered for colouring this picture.

SECRETS OF BARGAINS REVEALED.

Why Good Things Become Cheap Explained at “Daily Mirror” Displays.

Many valuable lessons were given to women students in *The Daily Mirror* academy of shopping yesterday during the two demonstrations on “How to Tell a Bargain” at Harrod's.

In showing to the audiences how they might prove for themselves whether all sorts of articles—down quilts, umbrellas, gowns, damasks, boots and shoes, and a host of others—were really bargains, the experts gave voluminous information which has hitherto been regarded as “secrets of the trade.”

One woman, indeed, frankly called it, “letting the cat out of the bag.” But, as the demonstrators made clear, no house of standing wants to hide things from its public.

Mr. E. W. Allen, one of Harrod's departmental heads, went straight to the point in a preliminary causerie with the women. He answered the eternal question which shoppers ask when told that a coat, or a bag, or anything else is “a bargain.”

“It having no demerits, it is of first-rate quality and style, why on earth do you sell it cheaply? Is there no catch?”

The expert explained exactly how bargains—real bargains—come about.

First of all, you have to bear in mind that everything, on account of competition, has an average price. If an article is sold below that somebody loses—either the producer of the raw material, the manufacturer, or the retailer. Why, then, do they do it?

There are all sorts of reasons. A line of blouses, say, may not find a ready sale in the market they were intended for, and the manufacturer determines to get rid of them at any price.

The quality is good, the workmanship excellent, but the manufacturer's plans for disposal did not work out, and he won't bother any more about them. They become real, genuine bargains.

Or a producer creates a certain colour in, perhaps, silk, and for some reason the manufacturers do not take it up. That passes direct to the retailer and becomes a bargain.

Then, perhaps, some manufacturer or wholesaler wants money quickly for opening up new avenues and purposes of extension, or a dozen other reasons. He clears out a great quantity of excellent goods at cost or just above cost. They are bargains.

Typical bargains were then explained by Mr. W. J. Clark, head of the department in this store, who illustrated his lesson from goods of every description piled up on and all round the platform.

OUR WEEKLY TOILET TALK

When Trying to Become Thinner, See That You Don't Get Hollow Cheeks.

Many women who have succeeded in reducing their weight, to conform with present-day fashions, find that they have made their cheeks thinner as well as their body.

Hollow cheeks are a calamity, and cold cream should be liberally used by women who see signs of their approach. Those with delicate flesh, who fear that massage may break down the tissue, might try the cosmetic ball used by Russian women, which stimulates the skin without requiring any rubbing to be done.

To make the ball, take a lump of cold cream, about half the size of a large egg, and cover it with thin cheesecloth.

Tie this cheesecloth to the end of a stick, and lightly pat it on the face until the skin is thoroughly moistened and soft. The time to do this is just before going to bed.

OUR CORNER FOR FLOWERS.



The rose pictured above is the old and glorious scarlet-crimson Liberty. This variety is continually in flower and very vigorous in its manner of growth.

“This teaspoonful of Bisto makes the gravy for our Sunday's joint.”



BISTO
Banishes
bother—and it's
so economical

Bisto is “everything but the meat.” It is a fine, dry powder containing all the ingredients for making gravy—except water or stock. It will keep indefinitely, and will not lump or cake.

Bisto takes the place of flour, seasoning, colouring matter and “gravy salts.”

Don't let the meat get cold while you “fuss over” the gravy.

Simply put one teaspoonful of Bisto into a basin, smooth down with a little water, then add a teacupful of stock or water (warm, not boiling). Pour into meat tin, from which the fat has been strained off, stirring all the time, and **BOIL UP**.

You Will Be Delighted with Bisto Gravy

—and Bisto is capital for thickening soups, and enriching steves and meat puddings.

Besides, Bisto is ridiculously cheap. It is sold in rd. packets, in 33d. and 63d. tins—more in proportion for the extra money, of course.

One trial according to directions—and you will never be without it. Your grocer has Bisto in rd. packets and 33d. and 63d. tins. Tell him you want it.

Bisto is made by the makers of Cerebos Salt—that's positive proof of its value, purity, cleanliness and economy.



NEW SERIAL.

BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN.

(Continued from page 11.)

through fire and water for the man she loves. If your wife cared for you as I do, she wouldn't have deserted you. You say I drove her away, that she was jealous of me—I don't believe it! She knew you'd lost your money, and she was quick to go."

Robert was silent for a minute, then he spoke in level, determined tones.

"I shall find my wife," he said. "She'll come back to me—nothing can alter that!"

Miss Esbrom suddenly strode towards him and held out her hands with an appealing gesture, but he turned away. And suddenly the woman's whole nature seemed to change—her being seemed to light up with fury. There was no mistaking Robert's attitude—he was revolted, perhaps horrified at the brazen manner in which she had flung herself at him, her utter lack of womanliness and reticence. And at last he showed all his feelings in the look he gave her and in the manner in which he turned away. It was as though he had endured to the very limit of his patience.

And I, who had been in the outer darkness, a spectator of this strange scene, began to know the scales lifting from my eyes. For the past few minutes I had watched Robert, and had seen the anguish on his handsome face, and somehow, through the mask that had covered him, I began to see the true Robert, the Robert I knew—the grave, true, chivalrous man who was husband of mine. Wide gulfs seemed to separate us still, but my heart was already beginning to sing within me! It was true! It was true! It was true! This woman was not possessed of his heart—the man of circumstances I was able to disentangle something of the truth!

I had misjudged him, cruelly misjudged him. And yet some of the things he had said in my hearing were still enigmatical! But I cared for nothing now but the one cardinal, glorious fact that he cared for me—that he had said nothing could prevent him from finding me!

My crushed, broken spirit seemed to rise with a swiftness that was miraculous! All worldly considerations ceased to exist. What if Robert were ruined—what if he were in the dust—it mattered nothing to me in that moment! All I wanted to know was that his love was still mine, and I cared for nothing in the whole world but that.

"So you'll get her back!" repeated Miss Esbrom, echoing his words. "So you'll get her back and nothing can alter that! But something can alter it. I can alter it!"

"You?" He was staring at her incredulously. "I can separate you from her. There is still the warrant," she went on. "You forget that, Robert. A word to my lawyer—"

Robert, who had turned away from her, suddenly wheeled and looked her in the face. And, with the swiftness of light, her manner changed again. Again her hands went out towards him. "There's still a chance to change your mind! Am I so horrible to you?"

But Robert was not heeding, the power of her allurements was lost upon him. "You mean you'd do that if I refused to come," you mean you'd do that to issue this warrant?"

Her hands dropped to her side. She toyed with

the little locket on the gold chain at her throat. "I am capable of anything!" she said. "A little while ago I tried to kill myself because of you. Rather than lose you, Robert, I would kill myself here and now. You are to blame and not I. You evoked love in me—you made me love you, and now I won't let you go—no power on earth can make me let you go!"

"You mean you would descend to the baseness of having me arrested, of having me subjected to the horrors of penal servitude, merely to gratify your misplaced love—your selfish passion!" Robert retorted with a ring in his voice.

Again he turned from her and again I saw the woman follow him and scan his face. If I stepped into the room now, what would happen, what would be the end of it all? I had grown strangely calm. Miss Esbrom had almost ceased to exist for me now—I could see only Robert, my husband. I saw him struggling to fight his way out of a trap, to free the meshes of the net that entangled him, and the greatest longing of my heart was to test my eyes upon his, to look deep, deep down into his soul and to let him look into mine—and to think that we were again united—not for a day, for a year, for a life—but for eternity.

Then, intruding on my thoughts, suddenly I saw Robert halt in his walk. He turned slowly and moved towards Miss Esbrom. There was a tense moment of suspense. What was he about to do? Was it possible that in the end he had given in? I waited breathlessly, and his voice came to me low and breathlessly.

"Agatha," he said, "you wouldn't do that?"

"I have made up my mind," answered Miss Esbrom. "No power on earth could make me alter it now—not even you, Robert. I want you. I have lavished all the love of my life on you. And there is only one way out—you must come to me!"

She was wrought to a pitch of intense excitement, and the ruthless determination in her voice carried conviction to Robert's mind. But he was about to protest again when Miss Esbrom raised a hand.

"Robert, I have made up my mind! Either you come to the woman you once loved—or I issue the warrant for your arrest! You shall have twelve hours to decide! And not one minute longer!"

For a moment she and Robert stood face to face; then, without another word, Miss Esbrom turned and swept from the room, closing the door heavily behind her.

I saw Robert stand as though dazed, with an expression of utter despair on his face.

For a moment he remained motionless, then with bowed head moved to his desk, dropped in the chair before it, and with a great inarticulate cry of anguish buried his face in his arms.

A powerful instalment of this strikingly original romance will appear on Monday.

HER "LAST GOOD-BYE."

Death Sentence on Man Who Shot Sweet-heart—Passionate Letters.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CANTIFF, March 6.—Passionate letters were read at the trial of Edgar Bindon, an insurance agent, to-day for the murder of his former sweetheart, Maud Mulholland, a young milliner. She was shot with a revolver, almost under the shadow of St. John's Church, Canton.

Apparently prisoner had been discarded by the girl for a more favoured admirer, said counsel for the prosecution.

After making an appointment with the girl, prisoner wrote to his mother:

I shall meet Maud here, I have got a seven-chambered revolver fully loaded in my pocket, so to-night I will end everything. That will be the last goodbye she will ever wish anyone. Oh, mother! At last I am raving mad. This is the end of all. God bless you and Harry! Don't think too bad of me.

Counsel quoted extracts from further letters by accused to his widowed mother. In one he said:—

We are going to die together. I know Maud is broken-hearted, and she says she would rather die than be parted from me. I hope Maud's people will regret their interfering with us. We will not be parted. We will kill ourselves first. Maud said tonight: "For God's sake kill me."

In another letter he said: "I can never live and know Maud is going out with another fellow."

Accused was found guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy, on account of his youth, and the Judge passed sentence of death, which prisoner received unmoved.

BARBER ON A "PINNACLE"

There has just retired from Fleet-street one of the best-known barbers in the City—Mr. Harris, who secured a pinnacle of fame in the newspaper world through his shop in Whitefriars-street, which, for twenty-two years, has been the resort of famous editors and journalists.

Mr. Harris has seen many changes in the world and down changes in Fleet-street.

"I have seen men sink to the lees," he said, "and I have seen the rise of nearly all the present generation. Fifteen years ago there were half a dozen well-known journalists drawing about £35 a week, who were amongst my best customers; the last time they came to my shop they came to borrow coppers."

"On the other hand, there were young men, who didn't seem able to afford a shave every day. I have seen them rise month after month, year after year, to great positions and wealth."



MR. HARRIS.

LIPTONS COCOA



1/4 lb for 4 1/2

WHY YOU SHOULD DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTONS COCOA BECAUSE—

The Quality is absolutely guaranteed. It possesses a delicious and distinctive flavour, which fully satisfies the palate.

As a food beverage it is most nutritious and sustaining.

The price is only 4 1/2 d. per 1/4 lb. tin, half the usual charge for BEST COCOA.

A FREE GIFT
THIS PRESENTATION BOX of Finest Quality CHOCOLATES is GIVEN FREE

In Exchange for the complete White and Gold Labels taken from

25 1/4 lb. Tins of Lipton's Cocoa.
12 1/4 lb. Tins of Lipton's Cocoa.
6 1/4 lb. Tins of Lipton's Cocoa.

The Labels can be exchanged at any of our Branches.



LIPTON Ltd

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 113.



To-day closes the eighteenth week of our competition. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete list of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear.—(Dover-street Studios.)

ILFORD PLATES & PAPERS

FOR FINE-ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Of all Dealers.

ILFORD, Ltd., Ilford, London, E.

Votes for Biomalz

Dr. S

I have used the samples of Biomalz, which I find an excellent means of increasing physical energy and improving the general condition. I have noticed especially an obvious improvement in the colour of the complexion, stimulation of the appetite, and increase of body weight.

Dr. W

My wife has taken a course of Biomalz with great advantage. I was particularly gratified to observe a rapid increase of weight, together with a healthy blooming appearance of the complexion.

Nurse E. S.

In the course of my professional duties I have had considerable experience of Biomalz, which I have found more satisfactory than any other preparation. On account of my habitual pallor I have lately taken Biomalz, and am being constantly asked by my friends, "Whatever have you done to improve your complexion so much?" My weight increased 2 lbs. per week during a month's treatment.

Mrs. D. (Doctor's wife):

After five tins of Biomalz there was a very obvious improvement in my appearance. There was a steady improvement in my appetite, and consequent increase of weight, and I feel much better in general health than before.

Indeed: There are many other preparations to ensure Health, Strength and Beauty, but none is better, none more palatable and more efficacious, than that excellent

Tonic Food Biomalz

which is highly appreciated all the world over.

It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anemic, pale and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This food will be found better than any medicine or tonic by those run down from overwork, illness or nervous troubles, also for elderly people, expectant and nursing mothers, and anemic children.

Small and large tins at 1/3 and 2/3. Sold by all Chemists.

Insist on having BIOMALZ.

Free Sample of Biomalz sent on receipt of 3d. stamp for postage, etc., by Paternman Bros., 3, Regent House, Kingsway, London, W.C.



MACKINTOSH'S

Delicious beyond description

TOFFEE de LUXE

TRIANON'S SURPRISE IN CHAMPION 'CHASE.

Queen's Park Rangers, the Hope of the South, at Liverpool.

LEAGUE CONTESTS.

PUBLIC NOTICE

WHEREAS I, CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN, carrying on business as a Turf Commissioner at 24-26, Maddox-st, London, W., owner of Loch Garry Victor de Wet, and other horses, have been and am continually being impersonated both in London and on Race courses, NOW I, THE SAID CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN, beg to give notice to the public that I am in no way connected with any other business whatsoever at any other address than at 24-26, Maddox-st, aforesaid.

ch, by a yard from L. P. Marshall (Sidney), 4yds., in
5s.

Two international hockey matches will be played to-day, England meeting Wales at Weston-super-Mare and Ireland entertaining Scotland at Dublin.

DUNVILLE'S
V R
WHISKY



Insist on seeing:
"BOTTLED BY
DUNVILLE & CO., LTD."
on the Capsule and
Back label.
NONE OTHER
GUARANTEED GENUINE.

May be obtained from all
Wine and Spirit Merchants.
Or write direct for name
of nearest retailer to
DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd.,
Belfast or London.

Aged Mexican General Offers His Life to Save His Son: Pictures.

THE most Popular Annual is "Daily Mirror Reflections" by W. K. Haselden. 6d.

The Daily Mirror

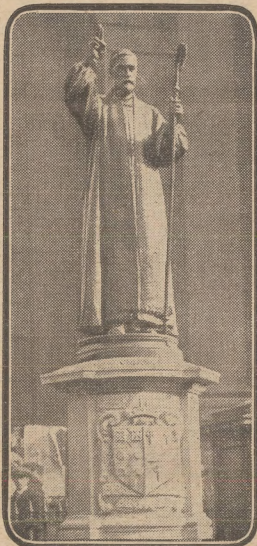
LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

No more straight hair for women: a new process for making curls: Pictures

THE PRIMATE UNVEILS STATUE TO BIRMINGHAM'S FIRST BISHOP.



The Primate pulls the cord, releasing the covering.



The statue unveiled.



The Primate and Mr. Lee looking at the statue.

The Archbishop of Canterbury visited Birmingham yesterday, when he unveiled a statue of Dr. Charles Gore in the cathedral grounds. Dr. Gore, who is now Bishop of Oxford, was the first Bishop of the diocese of Birmingham, and the statue shows him in his

robes and holding the pastoral staff in his left hand. The right hand is uplifted, giving the episcopal blessing. The statue, which is in bronze, is the work of Mr. Stirling Lee. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)

NINA SEVENING ENGAGED.



Miss Nina Sevensing, the well-known actress, whose engagement to Mr. Victor C. H. Longstaffe was announced yesterday. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SUFFRAGETTES BESIEGE SIR EDWARD CARSON: THE "ANTI" DOG.



Sir Edward Carson's residence in Eaton-place was besieged yesterday by suffragettes from Ulster, who sat hour after hour outside the front door. The picture shows a dog who called at the house, but who retired on learning the nature of the women's mission. He refused all overtures—and even food. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)